

HAY FEVER CONQUEROR TAKES 'CURES' AFIELD TO PROVE HIS CLAIMS

Army of Former Victims of Sneezitis Visits Goldenrod Patches and Doesn't Turn a Hair

TWO "KER-CHOOS" HEARD

By MLISS "Hay fever, or just rose?"

A peaked little woman, sitting far back in the corner, put the question in the sympathetic tones that grand army of the order of the goldenrod and the ragweed has come to employ when bespeaking a fellow sufferer.

All around us men, women and children were pressing their handkerchiefs surreptitiously to their pale pink noses and inquiring in sympathetic tones regarding each other's symptoms.

It was an aggregation of hay feverists gathered at the clinic of Dr. John H. Bayley, 40 South 9th street, who professes the ability to cure in some cases and "arrest" in many the most virulent forms of hay fever.

Like school children the 30 patients of Doctor Bayley clambered into the automobiles, eager to put their tender nasal membranes to the test, but the doctor was taking no chances.

It was real goldenrod they got into at Elmwood. There was no doubt about that, but before Mr. Dowdell had a chance to render expert opinion a wheezed little chap with a sad expression who hadn't had much to say on the way out beat him to it.

"Ker-choo!"

It was goldenrod all right.

The rest of the party, wallowing in the weeds like cats in catnip, regardless of the pollen, started Doctor Bayley, and turned their disapproving glances on the doctor.

With a countenance that resembled the taste of a green peppermint, the miserable little fellow sneezed a second time and then beat a furtive retreat to the nearest automobile, there to await his more courageous companions.

In the meantime, the somewhat swollen and distorted countenances of the quoniam hay and rose feverists were bathed in blissfully happy expressions and such verbal outbursts as these fell like sweet music on the doctor's ears:

"I've been a sufferer for 16, and God knows I'm a happy woman on this day." "Just to think I ain't sneezin', and I haven't been able to go near goldenrod for 43 years."

But the most ecstatic of all was J. Earnshaw, who in addition to being a hay feverist is a resident of Roxborough. "For 20 years," said Doctor Bayley, commenting on this patient's recuperation, "he has been sneezing, and after a few of my treatments, his wife and family have come to testify to their gratification in the present tranquility of his nocturnal slumbers."

Delegate to Farmers' Congress David Rust, of this city, has been appointed delegate to the Farmers' National Congress at Omaha the last week of this month by Governor Brumbaugh. There will be one representative from each county.

TODAY'S MARRIAGE LICENSES

- Harry Adler, 4229 Germantown ave., and Anna ... William J. Clarke, 4520 N. Colorado st., and ...

- John L. Grisdiger, 1907 S. 24th st., and Margaret J. ... William J. K. Halliwell, 2335 N. Cleveland ...

- John W. Weiser, Jr., 1027 Rockland st., and ... Thomas J. German, Stammers lane, and Emma ...



FULLERTON L. WALDO

BRAVERY OF WOMEN IN WAR PRAISED

Fullerton L. Waldo Describes Heroism of Nurses in Typhus-Stricken Serbia

The bravery and self-sacrifice of women, especially those from this country, in pestilence-stricken Serbia has won the commendation of all those who have had the opportunity of observing them, according to Fullerton L. Waldo.

"When Madame Slavko Grouitch came to Philadelphia in January last," said Mr. Waldo, "she virtually put Serbia on the map, as far as our local interest in the plight of that country is concerned.

"Madame Grouitch is an American woman. She was Miss Mabel Dunlop, of Virginia. While she was here she collected funds for garden tools and seeds, harvesting machinery and babies' hospital to be located probably at Nish.

"The labor of nursing the wounded has fallen largely on American women, since the trained-nurse profession is in its infancy in Bulgaria, says Mr. Waldo, who adds that the great American hospital in Scranton has lately employed none but American women as nurses.

"There is in Serbia a very fine institution among the women of the country known as the Serbian Sisterhood. It numbers about 1000 members, and is at present directed by Miss Grouitch, sister-in-law of our recent American visitor.

"The real heroism of Lady Ralph Paget, who contracted typhus while in charge of her splendid hospital at Uskub, which is being converted into a complete and permanent institution with accommodations for many hundreds, is also the subject of appreciative comment from Mr. Waldo.

"Mr. Waldo concluded with a few words about the favorite drink, food and recreation of Austria's foe, the soggy, yellow-brown bread upon which the people exist—often difficultly about the diet-kitchen and the tender feminine solicitude is the fact that the Serbian soldier has usually had very little to eat in his life except a soggy, yellow-brown bread of a sort that makes dog-biscuits a comparatively dainty.

PAROUS READING ANTHRACITE THE STANDARD FOR HEAVY SELL BY ALL DEALERS

HOTEL MAJESTIC The Ideal Apartment Hotel BROAD AND GIRARD AVENUE

LAZARRE

By MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

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BOOK III CHAPTER X—(Continued)

"WHAT is there about me? Sum me up. I am robbed on every side by anyone who cares to fleece me. Whenever I am about to accomplish anything I fall down as if knocked on the head!"

"You let yourself be robbed because you are princely! You have plainly left behind you every weakness of your childhood. Look at him in his strength, Monsieur Abbe! He has sucked in the vigor of a new country! The falling power of an old line of kings is renewed in him!

"He is a handsome man," Abbe Edgeworth quietly admitted. Look at his manhood—his kinghood!"

"Of what use is his kinghood if he will not exercise it?"

"Yes, madame. But there are several kinds of ambition, as there are several kinds of success. You have to knock people down with each kind, if you want it acknowledged. As I told you awhile ago, I am tenacious beyond belief, and shall succeed in what I undertake."

"What are you undertaking?"

"I cannot believe it! Where is there a man who would turn from what is offered you? Consider the life before you in this country. Compare it with the life you are throwing away." She joined her hands. "Sire, the men of my house would fight for the kings of your plead through me that you will take your inheritance."

"I kept my eyes on Abbe Edgeworth. He considered the padlocked book as an object directly in his line of vision. Its wooden covers and small metal padlock attracted the secondary attention we bestow on trifles when we are at great issues."

"The men of your house—and the women of your house, madame—cannot dictate what kings of my house should do in this day."

"Well, as you appear to know him, madame," said Abbe Edgeworth, "and loyally as you urge him, your efforts are wasted."

"She next accused me—

"You hesitate on account of the Indians!"

"If there were no Indians in America I should do just as I am doing."

"All men," she added, "hold in contempt a man who will not grasp power when he can."

"Why should I grasp power? I have it in myself. I am using it. I have it. I mean to ruin yourself!" she cried.

"Monsieur!" The abbe rose. We stood eye to eye. "I was at the side of the king, your father, upon the scaffold. My hand held to his lips the crucifix of St. Louis. In his death no word of bitterness escaped him. True son of St. Louis, he supremely loved France. Upon you he laid injunction to leave to God alone the punishment of regicides, and to devote your life to the welfare of all Frenchmen. Monsieur! are you deaf to this call of sacred duty? The voice of your father from the scaffold, in this hour when the fortunes of your house are lowest, bids you take your rightful place and rid your people of the usurper who grinds France and Europe into the blood-stained earth!"

"I wheeled around, across the floor from Abbe Edgeworth, and turned again and faced him.

"Monsieur, you have put a dart through me. If anything in the universe could move me from my position, what you have said would do it."

"But my father's blood cries through me today—Shall the son of Louis XVI be forced down the unwilling throats of his countrymen by foreign bayonets?—Russians—Germans—English!—Shall the daughter of France be hoisted to place by the alien?—My father would forbid it!"

"You appeal to my family love. I bear about with me everywhere the pictured faces of my family. The father whose name you invoke, is always close to my heart. That royal duchess, whom you are privileged to see daily, monsieur, and I—never—so dear and sacred to me that I think of her with a prayer to me that my life is here."

"But my life is here. Monsieur, in this new world, no man can say to me—'Come,' or 'Go.' I am as free as the Indian. But the pretender to the throne of France, the puppet of Russia,

along the river until you overtake me. I should like to have some time for solitary thought."

"You have my permission, Monsieur Abbe."

He bowed to Madame de Ferrier, and so moving to the door, he bowed again to me, and took his leave.

His horse's impatient start and his remonstrance as he mounted, came plainly to our ears. The regular beat of hoofs upon the sward followed; then an alternating tap-tap of horse's feet dimming down the trail.

Eagle and I avoided looking at each other.

A bird inquired through the door with inquisitive chirp, and was away.

Volcanoes and whirlwinds, fire and all forces, held themselves condensed and quiescent in the still room.

I moved first, laying Marie-Therese's message on the padlocked book. Standing with folded arms, I faced Eagle, and she as stonily faced me. It was a stare of unspoken love that counts a thousand years as a day.

She shuddered from head to foot. Thus a soul might ripple in passing from its body.

"I am not worth a kingdom!" her voice wailed through the room.

I opened my arms and took her. Volcanoes and whirlwinds, fire and all forces were under our feet. We trod them breast to breast.

She held my head between her hands. The tears streamed down her face.

"Loh!—you are a king!—you are a king!"

(THE END.)

Bishop Rhinelander Back in City

Bishop Rhinelander is at his Philadelphia home today, after returning from Rockport, Mass., where he spent his vacation at his summer home. The Bishop returned before his family because of several important engagements.

Bishop Suffragan, Gariand is at present in Canada, and will return about October 1. The Rev. Richard J. Morris, rector of the Episcopal Church of the Epiphany, Germantown, has resigned to become assistant secretary to Bishop Rhinelander. Mr. Morris will also act as assistant to the Rev. Dr. G. Woolsey Hodge, rector of the Church of the Ascension, Broad and South streets.

Friends Boost Stover's Candidacy

Friends of William C. Stover are working for his election, in November, to the judgeship in the Municipal Court. Mr. Stover is a graduate of Pennsylvania College, at Gettysburg, and has been a member of the Bar since 1876. Since that time he has had an extensive legal experience, his practice largely being in connection with building associations.

Coal Shipments Increase

Coal shipments through this port to South America continue to increase. Scarcity of steamships, due to the war, has necessitated pressing into service sailing vessels. Four of them were chartered today to take out full cargoes. They are the Norwegian ship Kalliope, barka Skoktra and Bris, and Russian ship Finland.

Table with 4 columns: REAL ESTATE FOR SALE, SUBURBAN

Penfield Note How Near It Is to Town The most beautiful, the best developed and nearer than any of the Wood-Harmon properties is Penfield. And yet, with every advantage in its favor, its nearness to town, its accessibility, its wonderful location, prices for its plots are about half their real value.

Will Sacrifice if Sold at Once 5846 WOODBINE AVENUE, OVERBROOK Owner moving from city for business reasons. Large colonial stone house with two-car stone garage. First floor: Living room, hall, dining room, pantry, kitchen and laundry.